

Selected Poetry.

Modern Courtship.

"Exquisite Angelina May,
Refrilligent queen of night,
Permit thy victim here to kneel,
And from thine eyes of azure steal
One ray of sweet connubial bliss,
Angel of life, be ours!
And shall we dwell, like turtle doves,
In Cupid's fairy bowers?"

Yet does thy proud papa look stern,
And call me brainless fool?
He dreams not a ladder, love,
Suspended from the room above,
Could brave parental rule;
Then grant me, Angelina, dear,
The bliss for which I sigh,
Nor leave thy trembling victim here
To pine, to sink, to die."

"Oh, George Augustus Fitzgreen Brown,
Your title I admire;
For this I brave the daily frore,
And seek the bitter hate to drown,
Of my indignant sire;
For this I mope, refuse to eat,
And faint full twice a day,
That Pa may hear the neighbors cry,
"Poor Angelina May."

Yet all I do is done in vain,
The salts are wasted quite,
And thus in dread suspense I sit,
And rack my brain, and tax my wit,
From early morn till night.
But now I'm all your own, my love,
My George Augustus Brown,
Yet be a little careful when
You take the ladder down."

Song.

I dig, I hoe,
I plough, I mow,
I get up wood for winter,
I reap, I sow,
And taters grows,
And for all I know,
I'm indebted to the printer.

I do suppose,
All knowledge flows,
Right from the printing press;
So off I goes
In these ere clo's,
And settles up—I guess.

Wit and Humor.

Yankee Inquisitiveness.

A gentleman riding in an Eastern railroad road car, which was rather sparsely supplied with passengers, observed in the seat before him a lean, slab-sided Yankee, every feature of whose face seemed to ask a question; and a little circumstance soon proved that he possessed a most "inquiring" mind. Before him, occupying the entire seat, sat a lady dressed in deep black; and after shifting his position several times, and maneuvering to get an opportunity to look at her in the face, he at length caught her eye. He nodded familiarly to her, and asked, with a nasal twang utterly incapable of being imitated.

"In affliction?"
"Yes, sir," replied the lady.
"Pa-rents—father or mother?"
"No, sir."
"Child, perhaps? boy or gal?"
"No, sir—not a child. I have no children."
"Husband?"
"Yes."
"Hem: cholery? a trading-man may be?"

"My husband was a sea-faring man—the captain of a vessel. He didn't die of the cholera; he was drowned."
"O, drowned, eh?" pursued the inquirer, hesitating for an instant. "Save his chist?" he asked.

"Yes, the vessel was saved, and my husband's effects."
"Was that?" asked the Yankee, his eyes brightened up.

"He was; a member of the Methodist church."
The next question was a little delayed; but it came.

"Don't you think you've great cause to be thankful that he was a pious man, and saved his chist?"
"I do," said the widow, abruptly, turning her head to look out of the car window.

The indefatigable "pump" changed his position, held the widow by his "glittering eye" once more, and propounded one more query, in a lower tone, with his head slightly inclined forward over the back of the seat.

"Was you calling to get married ag'in?"
"Sir!" said the widow, indignantly, "you are impertinent!"
And she left her seat, and took another on the opposite side of the car.

"Pears to be a little huffy!" said the bore, turning to our narrator, behind him.
"She needn't be mad; I didn't want to hurt her feelin's. What did they make you pay for that umbrella you've got in your hand? It's a real pooty one!"

Craft.

There was in his native village a wealthy Jew, who was seized with a dangerous illness. Seeing death approach, in spite of the Physician's skill, he bethought him of a vow; so he solemnly promised, that if God would restore him to health, he, on his part, on his recovery, would sell a certain fat beast in his stall, and devote the proceeds to the Lord. The man recovered, and in due time appeared before the door of the synagogue, driving before him a goodly ox. "This ox," replied the owner, "I value at two shillings (I substitute English money), but this cock," he added, ostentatiously exhibiting a chancier, "I estimate at twenty-pounds."

The butchers laughed at him; they thought he was joking. However, as he gravely persisted that he was in earnest, one of them, taking him at his word, put down two shillings for the ox. "Softly my good friend," rejoined the seller, "I have made a vow not to sell the ox without the cock; you must buy both or be content with neither."

ty possessed their wealthy neighbor. But the cock being valued for two shillings, and the ox for twenty pounds, the bargain was concluded and the money paid. Our worthy Jew now walks to the Rabbi, cash in hand. "This," said he, handing the two shillings, "I devote to the service of the synagogue, being the price of the ox which I had vowed; and this," placing the twenty pounds in his own bosom, "is lawfully mine own, for is it not the price of the cock?"

"And what did your neighbors say of the transaction? Did they not think this rich man an arrant rogue?"
"Rogue!" said my friend, repeating my last words with amazement, "they considered him a pious and a clever man."

Sharp enough, though I; but delicate about exposing my ignorance, a judiciously held my peace.

TURNED ROUND.—A young sprig of a doctor once met at a convivial party, several larks who were bent on placing in his hat a very heavy brick, or in plain language to make him gloriously drunk, which they accomplished about ten o'clock at night. The poor doctor insisted upon going and the party accompanied him to the stable, to assist him to mount his horse, which they at length did with his face to the animal's tail.

"Hallo," said the doctor, after feeling for the reins. "I am inside out on my horse, or face behind, I don't know which—something wrong, anyhow."
"So you are," exclaimed one of the wags, "just get off doctor, and we will put you on right."

"Get off!" hiccupped the doctor, "no you don't. Just turn the horse around, and it will all come right—you must all be drunk."

IMPORTANCE OF EMPHASIS.—A stranger from the country observing an ordinary rolling ruler on a table, took it up, and on inquiring its use, was answered—"It is a rule for counting-houses." Too well-bred, as he construed politeness, to ask unnecessary questions, he turned it over and over, and up and down repeatedly, and at last, in a paroxysm of baffled curiosity, inquired—"How in the name of wonder, do you count houses with this?"

SOMETHING GRAPHIC.—The following letter was written some time since by a boy down in Alabama to his father in Georgia:

ALABAMA, PIKE CO., JAN. 1851.
Dear Daddy—Corn is riz and brother Henry is dead likewise.
Yours omnipotent,
JOHN McCLURE.

The keeper of a grocery happened one day to break one of his tumblers. He stood for a moment reflecting on his loss, and then turning to his assistant, he cried out, "Tom, put a quart of water in that old cognac."

A wise man, as well as witty, was Theodore Hook, when he told the alderman who had already surfeited him, and yet pressed him to partake of still another course, "I thank you, but if it is the same to you, I'll take the rest in money."

A zealous temperance man in Portland, stating the fact that the Widow's Wood Society had distributed less wood than usual this winter, although the season had been unusually cold, and the society had had ample funds, attributed it to the fact that since the liquor law has been enforced, the husbands of the poor widows could not spend their money for rum!

"Nathan, where is the shovel? Here I've been hunting long enough to do my work twice over, and can't find the shovel." The farmer was wroth.

"I don't know where 'tis, father, sum-mers about, I suppose."
The two joined in the search.

"Nathan, you have left the shovel where you have worked, I know. Why don't you always put the tools in their places?"
"Where is the place for the shovel, I would like to know, father?"
He couldn't tell. I had no place.

Sometimes it was laid in the wagon, and occasionally accompanied that vehicle when harnessed in a hurry. Sometimes it was hung up with the harness, to fall down when not wanted, or get covered up when it was. A great deal of shoe-leather had come to naught by the shovel. It had at times more than the obliviousness of Sir John Franklin, and defied discovery. So it was with all the other tools. They would seem to vanish at times, and then come to light rusty as old anchors.

The farmers barn was crowded. He had no "spare room" there. There was several in his dwelling. But the barn was always crammed—it was a kind of mammoth sausage—stuffed every year. So there was no room for a special apartment for the tools. In his imagination he never saw his hoes hung on a long rack, his chains all regular in a row, his rakes and his long fork over head; certainly he was never anxious for such a convenient room.

Why?
His father never had a tool house, and his father was called a good farmer.

So he was, then—in his day—but there are better husbandmen now, let me say, and I desire to shock no one's veneration.

Did they find the shovel? No! they might as well have searched for the philosopher's stone, seemingly. Nathan started for Mr. Goodman's to borrow one. Their work must be done, and borrow he must.

"I don't know as you can find one in my tool house," replied Mr. Goodman.

Nathan noticed that he bore down on some of his words like a man on a plow beam. Didn't he mean something? Nathan went to the tool room thoughtfully. A door on wheels opened with a slight

push, and there were Goodman's tools—enough, Nathan thought, to equip a company of Sappers and miners! Hatchets, axes, saws, tree-scrapers, grafting tools, hoes, diggers, shovels, spades, pick-axes, crow-bars; plows, harrows, cultivators, seed-sowers, sieves, trowels, rakes, pitch-forks, flails, chains, yokes, muzzles, ropes, crow-tines, baskets, measures—all were there, neatly and compactly arranged. It was Goodman's ark—to save him from the deluge of untruth!

Here every night the tools were brought in and wiped clean and hung up in their places. The next morning a job could be commenced at once. Goodman knew. He partitioned of a large room in his new barn for tools. It was central and easy of access. It was a pleasant place for a visitor; the tools were the best of their kind. Every new shovel or rake, or fork, before used, was well oiled with linsed oil, which left the wood smooth and impervious to water.

Goodman often says, "I had rather have the few hundred dollars I have spent for tools so invested than the same in rail road stock. It pays better."

Now there is no patent on Goodman's plan, and I hope many will go into it: the more "successful imitations" the better.—Commonwealth.

Keep a Plantation Journal.

It is to be regretted that so much of what is learned by observation and experience, should have no more permanent record than that of the memory. That whilst new facts are occurring, and new opinions are forming, that much that is valuable in the past, should be obliterated. So that knowledge, which should be always accumulating often turns out to be little more than a substitution of new ideas for old. To be practically wise, and to leave the benefits of others, we should adopt some plan by which we should have access to the old, as to the new thought new thoughts and observations which we may have made, if it is often worth as much to us to know where we have erred, as to know how we have succeeded. This knowledge can never be fully available, unless we have some record to which we can refer; and we therefore advise that all planters and overseers shall make full notes of the business under their charge. Our interest, as well as our information, is greatly increased by entering into the details of our business. Set down the number of hands, and what the real effective force. The size of the crop—how many acres in Corn—how many in Cotton, small grain, &c. The size of each field—the character and condition of the soil—whether old land or new, upland or bottom, soft or hard, and in what to be planted. How many plows you run—what kind, and the character and condition of the team. Here you have a sort of programme of the year's operations, and when accomplished, you will know what, and how it has been done, and with what sort of instrumentalities; valuable information may thus be derived, and you will be prepared to speak and act understandingly, in determining the question of ability to cultivate or not such a force. This information will be still more complete, if in the progress of operations, the time and manner of preparations, as well as the time and manner of planting, shall be fully noted. Also, when and how the crop was worked—its size at particular dates, and when and how much it rained, or what may have been the peculiarity of the seasons, and their effect upon the crop; and when, and under what circumstances, the crop was laid by. These records of events of each day, with suitable comments and remarks at the time, cannot fail of benefit to all those who make them—and in a series of years, if preserved, become valuable for reference. And we would not stop here, but note the absence of every operative, and the cause of such absence, each day, and let that report be read out publicly at the end of each month. Then it will be seen who have been at their post, and who not; and the enquiry will arise as to the sufficiency of the excuse of such as are frequently absent, and their own shame, and the sneers of the faithful, will make hypocrisy a thorny garb to wear, and provoke those who have the work to do, to lift the veil, and let the secret out, if deception be practiced; and if diseases be really the cause, the attention of the superintendent will be constantly directed to the necessity of proper care and treatment. The number of cattle, sheep, goats and hogs, and their condition, ought all to be noted, and these accounts carefully revised at least once a quarter.

In gathering the crop, note should be taken of all the operations, showing the time of gathering, and the results, at least so far as to know what each field has done. This, and much more ought to be done; and none who do it, will regret the labor, or feel that it has been lost; and though it may seem a task in the aggregate, to the unskilled penman, when the labor to each day is divided out, it will not be burdensome, and soon become a pleasant and interesting work.—Soil of the South.

COTTON CULTURE.—Some of the incipient thinnings of cotton will have already been done; but the business of reducing to a stand, yet remains; and in this month, this important branch of Cotton making is to be attended to. Much care and good judgment is now required, and close personal attention should see that all is well done. The fate of the crop is often settled adversely, by careless, rough work, at this time. The Cotton plant is very tender, and by bruises and damages at this working, is often made to die for weeks after, when other causes are sought to explain disasters to the weed. Too much care cannot be taken to avoid these results. We have said before, that the distance must be regulated by the quality of the soil, and the probable size to which the plant will grow. We have said also that the tap root of cotton is the main feeder. This opinion has been objected to; and it is insisted that the main office of this root is to give strength to the plant. We do not admit our error; but, that we do not have been fortunate in making ourselves understood. All for which we have

contended is, that this is the main root and the parent from which all other roots emanate; and whilst we agree that the lateral roots may in strictness be the feeders, yet these supplies all that come back through the common parent of them all, to send up their support to the plant; and our theory only insists that provision shall be made to encourage the vigorous and ample growth of the tap root, which we have termed the great feeder, that it may send out a large supply of those little root-lets, that they may search for appropriate food, and bring it through this common parent, to supply the wants of the stalk.

We have thought it necessary to fall back upon this explanation, for the better understanding of the opinions which we held, and that we may prepare the minds of our readers for the care which we shall advise in the culture of Cotton, not to disturb these lateral roots, after they have been formed, by close or deep plowings. At the present age of the plant, not much damage is to be anticipated; but as it grows larger, the plow should run further off and shallower. In lands which are not very soft by nature, or which have been made so by previous good work, we should advise, at this time, close and rather deep plowing. This is the more important to be done now, because it may be done without damage to the plant; and if not now done, cannot be safely at any other working. After the squares appear freely, if the work up to that time has been well done, no deep or close plowings will be required, or should be allowed, in the culture of Cotton.

By bad management, or with very adverse seasons, cases may arise in which it may be necessary to depart from this rule. All such cases present a choice of evils, and the best which can be done is to choose the least. The hoe is the great implement for Cotton culture, and must now be used freely and skillfully. Only enough dirt should be added at this time to give a better additional support to the stalk. Beware of working Cotton when the earth is wet; and if it is very dry, do not depend upon killing grass by covering up, lest you may find, when too late, that you have been deceived in the operation.—Soil of the South.

TO CURE A KICKING HORSE.—It is not an uncommon thing to meet with horses which will kick while in harness. Such horses are dangerous to drive, and the habit diminishes their value very much. The Ohio Cultivator publishes a communication from Jonathan Coe, of Dalton, Ohio, giving the following simple method of preventing the practice of this pernicious trick. Take a forked stick about two feet long, varying a little according to the size of the horse, tie the ends of the fork firmly to each end of the bridle bit, and the other end of the stick to the lower end of the collar, so as to keep the head up, and prevent his kicking. A few days' working in this manner will completely effect a cure. Horses, he says, are more apt to kick when turning in plowing, or harrowing, than when doing any other work.

TOBACCO FOR SNAKE BITES.—Mr. Editor:—As corroborative of your views of the efficacy of tobacco juice in the cure of snake bites, I send the following: "Some years ago my father was bitten by a copper headed snake; he ineffectually applied the juice of strong tobacco, mingled with saliva from the mouth, and so perfect was the cure that he did not lose a day from business on account of it."—Ex.

CURE FOR WOUNDS IN CATTLE.—The most aggravated wounds of domestic animals are easily cured with a portion of the yolk of eggs mixed in the spirit of turpentine of Florence.

The part affected must be bathed several times each day with the mixture and a perfect cure will be effected in forty-eight hours.

A TRIED REMEDY FOR BURNS.—Keep on hand a saturated solution of alum, (four ounces in a quart of hot water,) lay a cotton cloth in this solution and lay it immediately on the burn. As soon as it shall become hot or dry, replace it with another, and thus continue the compress as often as it dries, which it will, at first, do very rapidly. The pain immediately ceases, and in about 24 hours under this treatment the wound will be healed, especially if the solution be applied before the blisters are formed. The astringent and drying quality of the alum completely prevents them. The deepest burns, those caused by boiling water, drops of melted metal, phosphorus, gunpowder, fulminating powder, &c., have all been cured by this specific.

Although not ranked as the greatest of the Christian virtues, Hope is not, by any means the least. And when, in a moral point of view, we behold and contemplate it, we cannot fail to be impressed with its ennobling nature, and its exalted sphere of action.

But let us, for a moment, contrast this species of hope with that of another character. Let us examine the vast difference between the hope of immortality, and the hope of success in the present world. In the one we behold an immortal spark, a never dying flame, which illuminates the Christian's pathway in this present world, and at the same time revealing, in perspective glory and full fruition a brighter and more glorious one. The man of the world looks for the accomplishment of his hopes, no farther than the mere beggarly visionary things of earth. He imagines if he can but have his brow encircled with the laurel wreath, or the chaplets of fame, and his name to dwell upon the lips of men for a few brief moments, and to be borne away into oblivion by the next gale that sweeps by, or if he can accumulate the glittering treasure of earth, if he can raise himself a monument of gold, that his grandest anticipations are attained, that the ultimatum of his hopes and wishes is accomplished. But alas! he climbs from hill to hill, higher and higher, and is still lured on by phantoms, still mocked and

deceived by mere golden shadows. And thus a lifetime is spent clutching and grasping at these vain delusions, until suddenly he totters and sinks into the grave, his visions fled, his hopes destroyed—and in the cold charnel house, no ray of hope illumines—it is starless, no ray. His hopes were limited to the vagaries and follies of a short life, mere fading, dying embers, which flickered and expired with his brief existence.

Hope is the life and energy of the human mind. It is that all-inspiring, ever-prompting passion, without which Man's life would indeed be gloomy and drear.—Extinguish this vital spark, and you leave him a mere inert mass, without action or power to accomplish. It naturally assimilates with itself an object of attainment; but when it itself is destroyed or its power benumbed, then we wander and grope our way, veiled in gloom and black despair; and it is seldom we find any one, however despondent, however sunk he may be in degradation and infamy, but that there still lingers within his bosom a hope, and if, perchance, we do find such an one, we are almost sure to discover that his reason has fled with his hope, that he is a poor, helpless, perhaps raging maniac.

Therefore, we can well imagine the woe, the terror, the despair, that gathers around the man who, having thus limited his hopes, and having exhausted and consumed them to their utmost extension while in their earthly enjoyment, finds himself upon a death-bed without a single ray to brighten his dying moments, and to cheer him in the measureless depths of eternity. But let us carry our imaginations farther, and view him writhing and struggling in the "Regions of Black Despair," buried beneath its scorching lava, and as the endless ages roll on in their ceaseless flight, sinking deeper into the very core of hell, walled in and excluded from a single ray of hope—forever lost and ruined! The genial rays of this glorious luminary can never pierce the adamantine walls and the eternal gloom that hovers over and encompasses the bottomless pit. Such is the termination of earthly hopes.

Hope in its pure and exalted state is Heaven-born. It is one of those celestial virtues which cannot be confined to the narrow limits of the lower world, but expands and grasps eternity in its fruition; and it is so constituted that altho' man may endeavor to corrupt and degenerate it within an earthly compass, and may fancy at times that he has attained it, yet it will still soar, still brighten before his imagination, still render him the more insatiable.

The Christian's hope is founded upon a firm foundation, which cannot be overturned by the storms and adversities of this world; but having earth for its base, it rears itself, a proud monument into the heavens, its lofty apex sublimely towering above the mists and clouds of earth, and reflecting a thousand glad beams of divine effulgence.

Although he may feel its joyous fervor glowing within his heart, yet there is a certain restlessness or happy impatience, which tells him that its accomplishment is not attainable in this world, but that it will be swallowed up and resolved in the glories of a brighter sphere. It associates with itself a reward far more precious than an earthly palm. And oh! when it is bright and clear, how it soars far away and bathes its pinions in the regions of eternal Light! How, with buoyant wing it leaves the dark visions of earth, and hovers, in sweet anticipation around the Heavenly courts.

As soon as the heart is regenerated, its dawning begins, and it sheds a halo of light around the Christian's pathway, revealing to him the hidden precipices, and dangerous obstructions with which he has continually to contend. How inestimable, then is the gift! What a priceless boon bestowed by Heaven is this anchor upon which the tempest-tossed soul may repose. How sure a safeguard against the wild waves of life's stormy ocean.

Thus we see the mighty contrast between earthly and heavenly hope. The one a visionary fading spark, the other exalted, ever-brightening and immortal in its nature. And thus we might continue extolling and enlarging upon the beauties and pleasures of hope until we had prolonged these reflections to a great extent, but to be brief, let us draw a few consolatory, and may we hope, useful inferences from its consideration.

Doubtless, every Christian experiences, more, or less, the happy hope of a blissful immortality; and when thus cheered onward by this divine spark implanted in his bosom, he feels that the combined powers of evil cannot move him, but struggling with the most dangerous enemies of his soul, he comes off more than conqueror, through the atonement of a crucified Redeemer.

Although clouds may gather thick in his spiritual horizon, and seem for a moment to obscure and exclude every ray, and the wild storms of life pour their fury upon his devoted head, yet sooner or later, in the hoarse mutterings of the furiously contending elements will cease, and the dark masses of clouds will be driven away before the glorious beams and glad splendence of this bright orb, the Sun of his existence. Thus inspired with his blessed anticipations, let us cheerfully run the Christian race, for this same hope that has lighted our pathway in life, will not forsake us in death, but with its heavenly balm will neutralize its sting and despoil the grave of its boasted victory. Then let us examine our hearts and see if we are properly cherishing and nourishing this hope. Is our vision bright and steadfast, or have we only a faint hope? Is it smothered and obscured, or are we following some delusion which will eventually wreck us? There are inquiries which should find their way to the heart of every one, for they are linked with the eternal interests of our soul.—Laurensville Herald.

Utter no word that will wound the feelings of those who are in humble circumstances.

A DISCOVERY.—A remarkable discovery, it is said, has been made lately, viz: that wealth and health are not always synonymous.

When lovely women stoop to toady, And find too late, that dress betrays, What art can hide from any body, Her upstays by night or day!

WATCHES AND JEWELRY.

CHARLES SMITH,
Watch Maker and
JEWELER,

RESPECTFULLY IN- forms the inhabitants of Lancaster and vicinity, that he is prepared to repair Watches and Clocks, containing music or without, in the best style and most expeditious manner. He has on hand a large assortment of the finest Gold and Silver Watches, and Jewelry of all kinds, and of the best quality.— His stock is selected by himself with great care, from the large and well known establishments of Gregg, Hayden & Co. in Charleston, S. C. Every article is warranted to be what it is represented. He will mention a few of the articles which he has on hand:— Elegant Ladies Bracelets, Medallions, Lockets, Clasps, Ladies Necklaces set with real Topaz & Turquoise, very splendid Gold Fob, Vest and Guard Chains. A splendid assortment of Gold Watch Keys, Gold Pens and Silver Cases. A very large, and Superior assortment of Gold E-Ring, and Breast Pins set with Diamonds, Rubies, Pearls, Turquoise, Garnets, Clusters, Corals, Cameo, Mosaic, Opals, Lava, &c. &c. A Fancy Set of Ladies Hair Ornaments; also Shawl Pins. A choice selection of Finger Rings, with every kind of set, and plain; silver Engagement and Wedding Rings, Silver Fruit knives, Combs, also Coral Necklaces and Bracelets on Cubine, with gold clasps; handsome Tweezers, Tooth and Ear Picks, Thimbles and Spectacles of all descriptions. A large assortment of Besom Studs, plain and fancy, Collar and Sleeve Buttons, Hearts and Crosses; a fine assortment of Mourning Brooches, Silver Combs, &c. &c.

The public generally are invited to call and examine his stock, next door to Catawba House, and in the room formerly occupied as the Post office.

CHARLES SMITH'S EXTRAORDINARY PASTE FOR RAZOR STRAIPS.— This unequalled article entirely supersedes the use of a Bone. By the use of this Paste, the dullest Razor, Pen-knife, Lancet, &c., will, in a few seconds, receive a keen and smooth edge. Those who have tried it, all appreciate its virtues, and invariably speak in the highest terms of its astonishing effects. Price only 25 cents per Box.

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Doubtless, every Christian experiences, more, or less, the happy hope of a blissful immortality; and when thus cheered onward by this divine spark implanted in his bosom, he feels that the combined powers of evil cannot move him, but struggling with the most dangerous enemies of his soul, he comes off more than conqueror, through the atonement of a crucified Redeemer.

Although clouds may gather thick in his spiritual horizon, and seem for a moment to obscure and exclude every ray, and the wild storms of life pour their fury upon his devoted head, yet sooner or later, in the hoarse mutterings of the furiously contending elements will cease, and the dark masses of clouds will be driven away before the glorious beams and glad splendence of this bright orb, the Sun of his existence. Thus inspired with his blessed anticipations, let us cheerfully run the Christian race, for this same hope that has lighted our pathway in life, will not forsake us in death, but with its heavenly balm will neutralize its sting and despoil the grave of its boasted victory. Then let us examine our hearts and see if we are properly cherishing and nourishing this hope. Is our vision bright and steadfast, or have we only a faint hope? Is it smothered and obscured, or are we following some delusion which will eventually wreck us? There are inquiries which should find their way to the heart of every one, for they are linked with the eternal interests of our soul.—Laurensville Herald.

Utter no word that will wound the feelings of those who are in humble circumstances.

A DISCOVERY.—A remarkable discovery, it is said, has been made lately, viz: that wealth and health are not always synonymous.

When lovely women stoop to toady, And find too late, that dress betrays, What art can hide from any body, Her upstays by night or day!

WATCHES AND JEWELRY.

CHARLES SMITH,
Watch Maker and
JEWELER,

RESPECTFULLY IN- forms the inhabitants of Lancaster and vicinity, that he is prepared to repair Watches and Clocks, containing music or without, in the best style and most expeditious manner. He has on hand a large assortment of the finest Gold and Silver Watches, and Jewelry of all kinds, and of the best quality.— His stock is selected by himself with great care, from the large and well known establishments of Gregg, Hayden & Co. in Charleston, S. C. Every article is warranted to be what it is represented. He will mention a few of the articles which he has on hand:— Elegant Ladies Bracelets, Medallions, Lockets, Clasps, Ladies Necklaces set with real Topaz & Turquoise, very splendid Gold Fob, Vest and Guard Chains. A splendid assortment of Gold Watch Keys, Gold Pens and Silver Cases. A very large, and Superior assortment of Gold E-Ring, and Breast Pins set with Diamonds, Rubies, Pearls, Turquoise, Garnets, Clusters, Corals, Cameo, Mosaic, Opals, Lava, &c. &c. A Fancy Set of Ladies Hair Ornaments; also Shawl Pins. A choice selection of Finger Rings, with every kind of set, and plain; silver Engagement and Wedding Rings, Silver Fruit knives, Combs, also Coral Necklaces and Bracelets on Cubine, with gold clasps; handsome Tweezers, Tooth and Ear Picks, Thimbles and Spectacles of all descriptions. A large assortment of Besom Studs, plain and fancy, Collar and Sleeve Buttons, Hearts and Crosses; a fine assortment of Mourning Brooches, Silver Combs, &c. &c.

The public generally are invited to call and examine his stock, next door to Catawba House, and in the room formerly occupied as the Post office.

CHARLES SMITH'S EXTRAORDINARY PASTE FOR RAZOR STRAIPS.— This unequalled article entirely supersedes the use of a Bone. By the use of this Paste, the dullest Razor, Pen-knife, Lancet, &c., will, in a few seconds, receive a keen and smooth edge. Those who have tried it, all appreciate its virtues, and invariably speak in the highest terms of its astonishing effects. Price only 25 cents per Box.

He has also on hand a fine assortment of superior Razors, amongst which are some of the well known double bladed French Razors, which are very highly appreciated, each blade lasting (if well used) ten years without grinding. April 24—3mo.

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Hope in its pure and exalted state is Heaven-born. It is one of those celestial virtues which cannot be confined to the narrow limits of the lower world, but expands and grasps eternity in its fruition; and it is so constituted that altho' man may endeavor to corrupt and degenerate it within an earthly compass, and may fancy at times that he has attained it, yet it will still soar, still brighten before his imagination, still render him the more insatiable.

The Christian's hope is founded upon a firm foundation, which cannot be overturned by the storms and adversities of this world; but having earth for its base, it rears itself, a proud monument into the heavens, its lofty apex sublimely towering above the mists and clouds of earth, and reflecting a thousand glad beams of divine effulgence.

Although he may feel its joyous fervor glowing within his heart, yet there is a certain restlessness or happy impatience, which tells him that its accomplishment is not attainable in this world, but that it will be swallowed up and resolved in the glories of a brighter sphere. It associates with itself a reward far more